The fold ſtands empty, in the drowned field,
And crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke.
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde:
And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere.
No night is now with hymne or carroll bleſt.
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes doe abound.
And, thorough this diſtemperature, wee ſee
The ſeaſons alter: hoary headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lappe of the Crymſon roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icy crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buddes
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries; and the mazed worlde,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention;
We are the Parents and originall.

Oberon. Doe you amend it then; it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at reſt.
The Faiery Land buies not the childe of mee.
His mother was a Votreſſe of my order:
And in the ſpiced *Indian* ayer, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt, by my ſide,
And ſat, with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood;
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceaue,
And grow bigge bellied, with the wanton winde;

Whi

Which ſhe, with prettie, and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſaile vpon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandiſe.
But ſhe, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her ſake, doe I reare vp her boy:
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long, within this wood, entend you ſtay?

Quee. Perchaunce, till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently daunce in our Round,
And ſee our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs:
If not, ſhunne me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome. Fairies away.
We ſhall chide downeright, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Well: goe thy way. Thou ſhalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee, for this iniury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither: thou remembreſt,
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and hermonious breath,
That the rude ſea grewe ciuill at her ſong,
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time, I ſaw (but thou could'ſt not)
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by weſt,
And loos'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly, from his bowe,
As it ſhould pearce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But, I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſt beames of the watry Moone:
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,

In